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Gleaner



GLEANER

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*Our flag's been raised
both new and torn
Since long ago
this nation was born.
Two hundred steps
etched, well worn
This spiraling caravan
continues on.*



The mushroom whispering. . .

*Alone, Alone – I grow alone
And make and break as one
I take the dead and give you life
I've a beauty and purpose all my own
I am needed – that is why I'm here!
Yet I – I myself am deadly
Sitting in this world I destroy and –
create.*

I am the mushroom of life.

*You're like a dream that I remember
In fall. . .when morning glory overrun
the rose dried hedge. . .
like a visage of bright memory.
And bird flocks waft together
in migratory drifts.
When air grows cool, then sharp
And spiders spin their grass webs. . .
All this beauty does reflect but you
You. . . like a dream that I remember.*

Ana Simon



who says it's wrong

*i went to town thee other day
and at a news stand i saws thees man
he was reading outlawed contrebant
i says to thees man I say man don't you know that's Wrong
he says to me he says who says it's Wrong
so i says who says it's Right
so that man walked away
then i meself started to page through that pornographic
material
so thees high class elderly gentile man says son don't
you know thats Wrong
i says who are you to say it's Wrong
i'm the reverend john hoover he says, then says its
agin*

*“Enter You Are All Welcome in God’s Home”
so i thought’s thees was the Man himself
then he started talking and everyone listened and
sos did i.*

and wit a smile he said God's only wish was that
we be fair to everyone

God just smiled

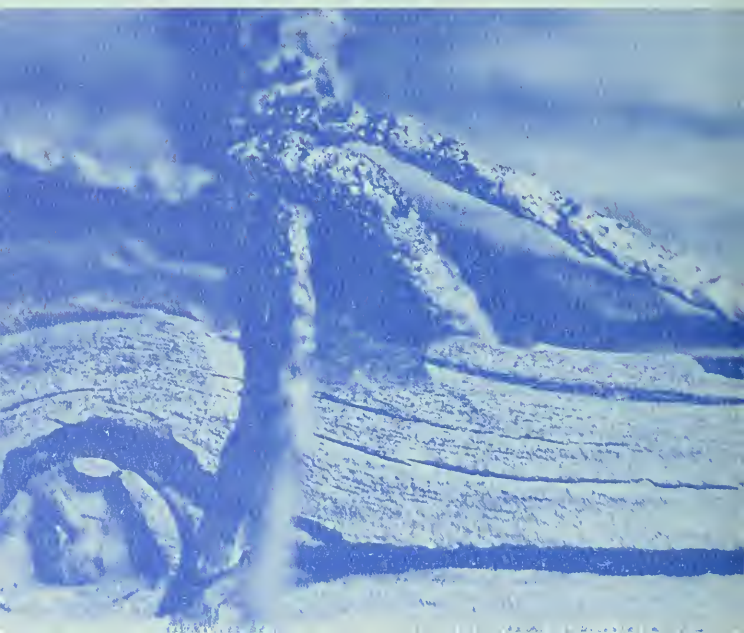
so i says who says it's Wrong and he says who says it's
Right

Michael Schnatz

Death's Rainbow

*Yellow sun glowing in the field
Blues running to the greens
Red spills on the ground
Orange sunset is cast over all. . . .
War's Kaleidoscope has come again.*

George Shimko



*Everything around
me
Reflects the time we've spent
together
The sun, moon, stars, springwaters and
winter crystals.
My life is mirrored by the seasons and my
thoughts of
you.*

George Shimko



Sunday Mornings

*The crunch of the cinders as I cross the tracks
I heard it many times as I now think back.*

*Glistening grass from gold sunlight.
Some Daffodils with petals bright.
The arbor stands gaunt on the hill,
With branches naked and barren still.*

*Timothy bouncing in the waves.
of April's breeze which fills the trees.
The steady humming of the bees
sounding like endless lispings "Z" 's.*

*The muddy road I walk along
My treads keep rhythm to a song,
Which deep inside, the beat I know.
The Mockingbirds rap to and fro
looking for quarry high and low.*

*I see the barn now.
What a rustic scene. . .field stone walls and weathered wood.*

*Round hard snouts with beady eyes
Cloven feet scurry with surprise.
Burley Aberdeens walk with lengthy strides.
Hooks and pins under glossy hides.*

*The damp marsh, yet, grey and brown
with Herefords lying on the ground.
Leghorn, Yorkshire, Maine Anjou,
Cheviot, Hampshire, and a Suffolk ewe.*

*Like the cat perched beneath the canopy
I hope this walk will always have access for me.*

Joseph G. Lalli



*Lovers love cuts so deep,
carving their names, leaving tree to weep.
Autumn comes and lone lover
returns
To tree cut memories, on the world
turns.
Slowly loves memories drift away. . .
One year has passed since that day.
In different forest, in a love so new. . .
Old forgotten tree,
only one seed grew.*


James Forsyth



Little Glass Animal

*The inner stress increasing
Cracking once more
The common glass animal. . .
Worn around her neck. . .
As close as I will ever come
To her burning sapphire heart.
So near. . .yet held by a chain. . .
 So eternally far. . .
 So impossibly far.*

El.



*Aspen leaves. . . trembling like my heart
in a light breeze.*

*Shade falling. . . green and grey
Dappled on an overcast day. . .
like my mind.*

*Aspen leaves. . . rattling in rough air
demanding as my love.*

*Wet breeze. . . portending pale rain. . .
Aspen leaves falling*

midst

my

dream.



Ana Simon

*Railroads and crossroads can stand
so silently
Watching, if not daring, our hearts to
become free.
Cold steel and silence, even in dark
of night
Will never shake us from this love
we hold so tight.*

*It isn't often that one may find
That special person who can ease your mind.
Everyone's dreamt, and dreaming can be real.
But all too well we know, being is to feel.*

*We've been to a place where our hearts
were so tranquil
With the sun in our faces, our eyes
very still.
This place of which I speak, this place we know
so well
Is not the source of our joy, but is
where our love dwells.*

Kevy



[illegible]

*The wind teaches her all she should know
and what it doesn't teach her she learns from
her own feelings.
And these things are all true because
she has told me.
She often talks to me while I sit in her
branches.*

George Shimko

September Love

They are entangled in each other.

They love each other with all the love that each has. She could not live without him. . . he would not survive without her.

It is at the break of day when they renew their love, it is at the end of day when they are both silent.

But it is in the morning, with the singing of birds and the stirring of life that they are one in each other. For in the morning, they both perform their acts of love. In the morning he touches her like a man touches a woman in the first and final stages of love. For in the morning she opens to him and he to her.

They are beautiful together. . .

the morning glory and the sun.

George Shimko



